

HER "CHRISTIAN" SPIRIT.

There's one spot about me that'll show I'm
kind of a Christian.
When folks are talked about, I always
take their part.
I speak good of my neighbors however
mean they be.
All of 'em I love, I make efforts for 'em
and I'll do it as long as I live.

I thank my stars that I ain't like the minister's
wife, M. A. Brown.
This fellow comes the week parts me every
one in town.
Ain't no wonder I ain't hear her lies 'nd
make you lie.
I thank the Lord 'er stars, that that that
ain't my style.
I thank her 'er stars, that that that
ain't my style.
With me—of I can't say no good of folks, I
jest keep still.

That's that that shames M. A. Brown. On
folks she's always hard.
I never seen such clothes as her'n's 'n' when
in the yard.
The tongue's hung in the middle an' she lies
with all her might.
Her house is like a pig-pen, an' her front steps
is a sight.
She stands all the time in town, but I
jest keep still.

Then that that aggravate old Miss Green,
across the road.
Of gossipin' an' slanderin' she's always been
a sight.
She tells all the village neighbors her
round the shelf.
I know she has said pork at least six times
a week herself.
She's always poppin' in her borer my new coat
—jest keep still.

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A MELON MONOPOLY.

Why Dandelion's Shrewd Bargain
Proved Unprofitable.

The worst enemy of old Jacob Me-
grims son Dandelion, could not deny
that he was a shrewd trader in spite of
his queer name. That name came to
him in consequence of the strong liking
of his mother, a pious, colored woman,
for the book of Daniel. The Bible
was the object of her deepest
reverence, but the portion of it which
treated of Daniel was listened to by her
with holy awe, and what she called
"refreshment of the spirit."

When her friends among the young
ladies would come to read to her,
which was every few days, she would
say: "Read in the book of Dan'l,
honny. It sorter uplifts me when I hears
'dat de ravenin' bestness comes
open mout' ter swaller him, and he jest
as brave and quiet, as of day was yelp-
in' 'tarriers 'n' barkin' at him. Dellow
de berry fast pussen I 'quire 'bout
wen I gits in de golden chariot and
say, 'Good-by world,' gwine ter be
dat same Dan'l."

Of course, with that fervent admi-
ration for the Bible hero, her first son,
after five daughters, was named in re-
verential memory of him.

"Aint denyin' Dan'l aint a good
Scripter name," said old Jacob in his
usual deliberate fashion, "but he sort
ob permicious, aint it, round here? How
you gwine to stinguish our Dan'l from
Dan Brown and Dan Higgins and dat
odacious white trash, Dan Larry?"

"You aint got much gumption, Ja-
cob," said his better-half, with a scorn-
ful look. "My son's got ter be name
Dan'l, but I aint gwine to mix him up
permicious wid dem ragin' boob-tails.
I'se gwine ter name him Dan'l-ob-don-
le's den."

"Dellow me, ole ooman," ejaculated
Jacob, lifting up his hands in dismay.
"Wot name you call dat? Taint no
Christian name at all. No preacher
gwine to baptize him in dat, sonny."

"Well, I'se got to hah dat 'fion' 'nt
int 'it," persisted Hannah Jane Me-
grims, becoming a little uncertain her-
self as to the quality of the name. "Ef
we is 'bliged to gib him de name, I reckon
we kin call him Dan de lion, and no
preacher aint gwine to cut up 'bout a
pious name like dat."

So that was Dandelion came by.
His wild flower name, a flower which
Hannah Jane had never heard of, or doubt-
less she would have sowed the seed all
over the garden. She never allowed it
to be abbreviated. One day a luckless
visitor addressed the boy as Dandy, and
was requested to depart.

"I aint gwine to hah no miscellan' ob
Scripter names under dis here roof,"
said old Jacob, with angry dignity.
"It aint manners, and it aint Christian
conduct, and I'se 'blegged ter tell you,
Miss White, as how yore room is a heap
better dan yer company."

When Dandelion was nineteen he was
a shrewd, wiry, wide-awake young fel-
low, and not very generous where his
interests were concerned. He was
darker than his mother, who was a
light mulattress, and far from his
father, who was as black as tar, but he
was very unlike his honest, simple-
minded parents.

I must say Hannah Jane did her best
bring him up properly, and did not
spare the rod, but his wiry little body
used to slip out of her grasp, and his
cunning little mind devised a thousand
expedients for escaping punishment.
Vainly did she hold up before him the
heroism of her Bible hero, for instead
of being uplifted as he ought to have
been, he was apt to enigger irreverently.

"I'm frad, sonny, you aint brave,"
she'd say, with a heavy sigh.
"You're skulky, and you can't stand
straight up and tell de troof and shame
de debil, like a Dandelion order ter
do." His mother spoke truly. He was
not brave, he was not honest, but when
worsted, was cunning enough to throw
dirt in the eyes of his antagonists, and
get off skin while they were rag-
ing in the arena.

late evening, the streets of Centerville
resounded with the melon-vendor's
cries.

"Watermillions! Big ones, little ones
and 'tween! Watermillions! Red, white,
yellow, all kinds and all prices!"

But this season old Jacob's melon-
patch was a failure. There had been a
drought, and the patch was a sorry
waste of yellow vines and leaves, and
not a half a dozen melons on it. Dan-
dellion rode out in the neighborhood to
buy up all the melons for his trade, but
the drought had been as hard on the
farmers' fields as in his own patch.

"I reckon, Dandelion, you'll not make
much by your melon trade this season,"
said Farmer Wharton. "There
ain't fifty melons to be found if you
scour the parish from end to end. Yes,
there is one place I passed last week,
where the melons is as thick as bristles
on a hog's back. But it's too far for
you to buy 'em and bring 'em to town,
and I don't reckon old Granddaddy Jim-
son would sell 'em. If that old nigger
lived now 'n' he'd make a fortune
you know he watered his vines all the
time of the drought?"

"Granddaddy Jimson, he lives ten miles
from town, and a awful road,"
Dandelion said, in a despairing tone.
"Just so," said the farmer laughing.
"Too far for Jim Crow's old bones, and
that shanty of yours. Put melons
out of your mind, boy, and make profit
on the walnuts and pecans you will sell
this fall. There are enough of them all
round here."

But Dandelion could not put the melons
out of his mind. He said nothing to
any one of his intentions, but rose at
the dawn of day, and didled Jim Crow,
and took the road to Granddaddy Jim-
son's.

A bad road it was, and seldom tra-
versed, but Dandelion's keen eyes saw
it was not impassable. For nearly half
a century the old negro had lived on an
out-of-the-way farm with no neighbors,
finding his products ample for his wants,
and that of an elderly daughter, a
widow, who lived with him. Once a
year the pair drove in an old-fashioned
jag to Centerville to exchange butter
and eggs, feathers and other farm
products, for tobacco and coffee, and
neither showed any disposition to move
their quarters to a more thickly-settled
neighborhood.

According to the custom of the coun-
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The old man immediately rose, and
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"Jacob's son! Dellow me, I knowed
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This permission, Dandelion dismount-
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room the cabin contained.

"You has seen my darter, M'stry, I
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was carding cotton bolls for an old wheel
which stood near her. "Wot did
you come way out here fur, Dandelion?"

"As usual the boy could not tell the
truth."

"Well, I come ter see if you could
spare us some tunnip seed."

"Reckon."

Granddaddy was not a free giver. In fact,
rather disposed to misanthropy, but he
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of generosity he added:

"I'll gin you a half pint ob fine tun-
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under the water shelf. "Aint it a whop-
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Dandelion's heart gave an exultant
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de prices," so he said, quietly:

"Yes, it's a fine watermillion, but
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you come way out here fur, Dandelion?"

"As usual the boy could not tell the
truth."